Youths Tragedy,

A

POEM:

Drawn up by way of Dialogue between

Youth.
The *Devil.*
Wisdome.
The *Nuncius.*
Time.
Death.
The *Soul.*

For the Caution, and Direction, of the Younger Sort.

Ex *Martiali.*

Frange toros, pete vina, rosas cape, tingere nardo,
Ipse jubet mortis te meminisse Deus.

Ex *Homero.*

[illegible] ἐν ῥεθέων πταμένη αἶδος δὲ βεβήκει
Ὃν πότμον γοόωσα λιποῦσ' ἀδρότητα καὶ ἥβην

By *T. S.*

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

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A.

The Speakers.

Youth.

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Drawn up

By way of Dialogue, for the Caution, and Direction of the younger sort.

The Prologue.

If thou art serious, then attend, and see,
If not, yet stay, that thou may'st serious bee.

YOUTH.

HOw pleasant is it, when the Sun displayes,
From *ARIES*'s Golden Fleece, his Golden Rayes,
How do the Creatures triumph for to see,
Imprison'd *NATURE*, set at libertie.
How doth the *EARTH* rejoyce, that she is seen
Cloath'd in a rich imbroid'red *VEST* of Green.

FLORA now ſmiles, to ſee her ſelf ſo fair,
And comes abroad for to perfume the Air.
The Heavens are pleaſant, darkſome Clouds do flie,
And give a Proſpect of an Azur'd Skie;
The pretty winged Quire, from their ſweet Throats,
Fill every place, with their Melodious Notes.
And what is *YOUTH?* but like another Spring,
And therefore Young man, now rejoyce, and ſing,
Diſcharge ſad Thoughts, follow thy Recreation,
Whil'ſt that thy Blood hath a free circulation.
Let Old *BARZILLAIES* now refuſe the Court,
Thy nimble parts, adapted are for ſport,
Let thy heart chear thee, and now chuſe delight,
According as thine Eye ſhall thee invite.

The *DEVIL* and *YOUTH.*

Devil. Bravely reſolv'd, give up thy ſtrength, and time;
To pleaſe thy ſelf, and all things ſhall be thine.
Goe view from *SOUTHERN* to the *ARCTICK* Pole,
The glory over which the Heavens do role,
And make thy choice, when done, put forth thy hand,
And pleaſe thy ſelf, it's all at thy command.
RICHES ſhall at thy Feet full Bags fling down,
And give a Golden Chain, and Scarlet Gown,
HONOUR will quickly court thee, and ſhall ſet
Upon thy Head, a Golden Corroner,

PLEA-

PLEASURE ſhall ſtrow thy paths with Fragrant Flowers,
And Solace thee within her Shady Bowers;
Only this word of Counſel, muſt thee guide,
Trouble thy Head with nothing elſe beſide,
Youth. I'le take thy Counſel, *CONSCIENCE* now adiew,
I ſee I ſhall have little need of you,
I am reſolv'd to ſuffer no controul,
But to purſue theſe things with all my SOUL.

WISDOM and *YOUTH.*

Wiſdom. Purſue with all thy *SOUL*, nay fond *YOUTH*
And view the Lie, that's lodg'd in thy right hand, (ſtand,
He that theſe great things to thee doth propoſe,
Is free to promiſe what he can't diſpoſe,
Neither canſt thou acquire, with all thy haſte,
Far leſſer things, if *GOD* endeavours blaſt.
But grant thou had'ſt what's promis'd, yet thy mind
Inſtead of *JOY*, would but *VEXATION* find,
Inlarg'd deſires will keep thee from *CONTENT*,
And what can't ſatisfie, will but *TORMENT.*
But could the *WORLD* compleat *JOY* to thee bring,
Yet at the beſt, it's but a tranſient thing,
Theſe *WORLDLY* things which thou enjoy'ſt to day,
To morrow may make Wings, and fly away.
Thy Soul's Immortal, look what doth agree
Unto its NATURE, that muſt Satiate thee,

There's

There's naught but the great *FOUNTAIN GOOD* that will
Suit with thy *SOUL*, and thy vaſt *SPIRIT* fill.
Come then, and tread thoſe Paths that will thee bring
Unto the everlaſting flowing *SPRING*
Of pure, unmixed, intellectual *JOYES*,
Why ſhould'ſt thou cheat thy ſelf with empty *TOYES*.

Youth. The way is Long, and Thornie, that doth lead
Unto theſe *JOYES*, and thoſe that do it tread,
Water their Steps with Tears, and break their Reſt
With thoſe ſad Sighs and Groans which fill their Breſt.
WORMWOOD, and *GALL*, on each ſide of it grow,
CROSSES, and *JEARS*, this dolorous way do ſtrow,
And all along this Path you may eſpie,
Here ſeatt'red a right Hand, there a right Eye,
Here a dear Luſt, there a dead Comfort lies,
By *SELF-DENIAL*, made a Sacrifice;
And on the Hills do fired Beacons flame,
Which round about, invading *FOES* proclaime:
To whom I either muſt become a Prey,
Or through their Hoſtile Troops muſt fight my way.
Pardon me then, if that I doe refuſe,
Such *DOLEFUL WAYES* of Trouble, for to chuſe.

Wiſdom. Though at the firſt, this *WAY* may ſeem to be
A Thornie, Rough, Unpleaſant Path to thee,
Yet doe but trie it, what at firſt ſeems hard,
Will eaſie prove unto thee afterward.
For when thy heart, ſhall be enlarg'd with love,
Unto thoſe glorious things which are above;

Then

Then wilt thou run these Wayes with great delight,
For in them, there is strength to the upright.
Let not those Tears affright thee, that are spent
The future *FLOODS* of sorrow to prevent,
No Wine so precious, as what doth arise,
From the sweet springs, of penetential eyes,
No frame like this, where comfort doth so thrive,
For *GOD* the contrite spirit doth revive.
Nor let it daunt thee, that thou must denye
Thy *YOUTHFUL LUSTS*, and dear self *MORTIFIE*,
The blessed end is, that thou may'st *DESTROY*
Those *SUCCORS*, that would hinder thy true *JOY*,
And whil'st Thou Conflicts thus, and giv'st the *FOYL*
Thoul't sing with those that do divide the *SPOYL*.
Let not the *CROSS* dismay thee, God will fit
It to thy Back, or thy Back unto it.
And what Affliction, he doth to thee measure,
It's for thy profit, and not for his pleasure,
That with more even steps thy *SOUL* may press,
Forward unto its final happiness.
Fear not to Fight, the Conquest shall be sure,
To him that doth unto the End endure,
For by a Hand of Strength, he shall be led
Upon the Necks, of all his *FOES* to tread.
And on a *THRONE* of *GLORY* shall sit down
With songs of *PRAISE*, and a triumphant *CROWN*. (cease,
Call not these Paths then *DOLESOM*, *YOUNGMAN*
All *WISDOMS WAYS*, are *PLEASANTNESS* & *PEACE*.

Whil'st

Whil'ſt a good *CONSCIENCE* lodgeth in thy Breſt,
Thou need'ſt not doubt of a continual Feaſt.
Ask thoſe that follow *WISDOM*, and they'l ſay,
They feed on hidden *MANNA* in their way,
By arts of *FAITH*, and *LOVE*, they now poſſeſs,
That inward Sweetneſs, which they cann't expreſs.
Strong *CONSOLATIONS* here do fill their *CUP*,
Whil'ſt with eternal *LOVE* their Souls do Sup.

Youth. I underſtand not how theſe *JOYES* commence,
YOUTH muſt have ſomething that may pleaſe the ſenſe;
Therefore forbear untill thou offer'ſt that,
Which may be ſuited to my preſent State.

Wiſdom. Fond *YOUTH*, thou know'ſt not what is true
It's not to pleaſe the ſenſual *APPETIT*, (delight,
This will debaſe thy *NATURE*, and the *FRUIT*,
Will be to lay thee level with the *BRUITE*.
That which ennobles, and doth truly raiſe,
Are *VISIONS* of thoſe *BEAMS* which *GOD* diſplayes,
From his ſweet reconciled *FACE*, which make
The *SOUL* of his bleſs'd *NATURE* to partake.

Youth. Theſe are but darkſom *RIDDLES*, canting
Fitted to ſuit with *MELANCHOLY* Veins; (*STREINS*,
What canſt thou offer now unto my *EYE*,
That will the *GLORY* of this *WORLD* outvie.

Wiſdom. Whilſt thou a darkſom *RIDDLE* this doſt call,
Thou ſhow'ſt thy woful Darkneſs ſince the fall,
For though an inſtinct ſtill remains to *BLISS*,
Yet wanteſt Light to guide thee where it is.

But

But will the good things of this world content?
Then view what WISDOM doth of this present:
HONOUR and RICHES her left hand enfolds,
And in her right hand length of dayes she holds;
Which she gives forth to them that do her love,
So far as they may real blessings prove:
If what thou hast be mixed with a curse,
It will prove to thee *VANITY*, nay, worse.
That hand of *Mercy* that gives forth the Treasure,
To make it Mercy, must give forth the Measure;
That hand must guide thee how it must be us'd,
MERCIES prove *JVDGMENTS* when they are abus'd.
Take all thy good things then from *WISDOMS* hand,
And use those good things as she doth command.

Youth. Lady, excuse me till another day,
There's time enough hereafter for this way;
Let me my youthful dayes please in their choice,
And then I'le promise to obey thy *VOICE*;
When *AGE* hath quencht within, this lustful fire,
And shall in private weary limbs retire;
This will a season be to bend my mind,
Unto those wayes where I may *WISDOM* find.

Wisd. Vain *YOVTH*, vain *YOVTH*, hereafter is not thine,
He that hath now *no* heart, may have *no* time.
That Captain which to day doth termes afford,
May storm to morrow, and put all to'th' Sword;
And he that this day will not spread his sayl,
To morrow, if he would, may find no gale:

Or he that gives Grace to the penitent,
May not *REPENTANCE* give to'th negligent.
But wilt thou in old *AGE* these wayes embrace?
Are weary limbs fit for to run a race?
And when the day is ready to shut in,
Is that a time this Great work to begin?
Shall *SATAN* be presented with the prime,
And *WISDOM* only have the Dregs of Time?

In depth of *Winter*, when the Heavens are spred
With a black Vail, and all lights darkened;
When Clouds do thick return after the rain,
And their repeated showers pour down amain;
When that Tempestuous STORMS beat round about,
Is this the only *Season* to set out?
Surely, if serious, this thou wilt not say,
Why is it then, vain YOUTH, thou would'st delay?
Oh that there were within thee once a heart,
From all the wayes of FOLLY to depart.
Those *gaudy things* with which she takes thine eye,
Thou wilt be sure to find but *VANITY*.

Youth. The *WISE MAN*, though he said so, yet would'st
Before he did believe it; so will I.

Wisd. But having try'd it, he hath fix'd a *Buoy*,
That others might not here themselves destroy.
His own EXPERIENCE he hangs out for light,
That thou may'st see to steer thy way aright;
He sets a mark upon this dangerous shoal,
That upon it thou might'st not wrack thy Soul.

By Cautions, Warnings, Tears, and sad Remorse,
He shews the *Hazard* of this *woful* course.
If after all this, when that thou hast seen
Those tops of *MASTS* where sad shipwrack hath been,
Yet thou wilt venture foolishly to stray,
Though *he* was spar'd, *thou* may'st be cast away.
But should'st *thou* spared be, it hard would prove,
Fast rooted *habits* ever to remove:
For like the *Leopards* spots, and *NEGRO'S* skin,
So *Custom* proveth in a way o. sin.

Youth. Well, trouble me no more, I must fulfill
Those strong propensions that are in my *Will.*

Wisdom. And wilt thou rush, va n *YOUTH*, without all
Like to the Horse, upon the charge Spear? (fear,
Is Life a Trifle? Is a Future state
Not worth the caring for? and wilt thou hate
Thy precious *SOVL*? wilt thou inhumane be
Unto thy self? oh, wretched *CRVELTY*!
Wilt thou the way of *FOLLY* now pursue,
And turn thy back on *WISDOM* then adieu.
But let me tell thee, that another day
Her path thoul't find, like the *Strange WOMANS* way,
Who cometh forth with Smiles, in rich attire,
And with her kisses *YOVTHFVL LVST* doth fire,
In her curl'd Tresses *LETHAL NETS* do lye,
And from her *Eye-lids* killing Darts do fly,
Between her breasts surprizing *SNARES* abide,
Under her *Beauty* Deadly *VIPERS* hide.

With honey ſtraine her ſubtile lips doth court
The SIMPLE one, to her deſtructive ſport;
With ſpeeches ſmoother than the fineſt OYL,
She doth betray into her fatal TOYL.
By wanton, amorous glances, ſhe allures,
And with embracing arms her prey ſecures.
Thus by her flattering wayes the Captive's led,
Without all fear, to her perfumed bed;
Not thinking that her woful Gueſts do dwell
Within DEATHS chambers, and the vaults of HELL.
But when a ſtranger's filled with his wealth,
And when he hath conſumed all his health,
When that his HONOUR, and his LABOUR lies
VVithin her Houſe, a ſlaughtered SACRIFICE,
VVhen ROTTENNESS enters into his bones,
And fills his fleſh with pain, his breſt with groans;
How doth he deeply now reflect upon
Thoſe years, he gave unto the cruel one!
How doth he find that burning COALS he plac'd
VVithin his boſom, whil'ſt he her embrac'd!
How doth he now from his EXPERIENCE cry,
He like a Bird, unto the SNARE did fly!
And whilſt unto her way his ſteps he bent,
He, like an *OX* unto the ſlaughter went;
And that ſame pleaſure which he did ſo like,
Now, as a dart, doth through his Liver ſtrike.
This is the way of FOLLY, this the end,
Her Feet to DEATH, her ſteps to HELL do tend.

Like

Like to those streams which through green Meadows glide,
Till in the *Dead Sea* they at last do slide;
So runs her Course, through PLEASURE though it take,
It ends in JUDGMENT, and a fiery LAKE.
YOVNG MAN, farewell, oh, mind thy future state,
Take Counsel now, before it be too late.
Oh now remember those invited GUESTS,
That being call'd slighted the Marriage Feast:
But for so great contempt did dearly pay,
VVhere MERCY could not gain, there WRATH did slay.

YOUTH.

VVhat strange *Impressions* do my Spirits feel?
How do my former *Resolutions* reel?
VVhat strange *CONVULSIONS* seize upon my Mind?
VVhat inward quick *DISTORTIONS* do I find,
How do my *Thoughts* press forth on every side,
And in two great *BATTALIAS* do divide;
Assaulting each the other with great Force,
Sometimes *LVST* gaining Ground, sometimes *REMORSE*:
VVith armed troops, the SENSUAL APPETITE
Doth beat down all before it in the Fight,
Till *CONSCIENCE*, with fresh succours doth oppose,
And, by strong hand, her Forces overthrows.
AFFECTIONS see it, and do haste to bring
Relief and Succour to the broken *WING*:

And

And so with furious rage, they down do fell
All that their fierce *Impressions* would repell;
The *WILL* well backed with the chiefest flower
Of *Veteran* Souldiers, with a mighty power
Doth on the Grois of the *Battalia* fall,
And questions not but for to carry all.
And now the *JUDGMENT* with its utmost might
Makes strong resistance, and prevents a flight;
And with brave *Courage*, and repeated blows,
Represseth the great fury of her Foes.
And whilst they thus engage with Warlike hands,
VICTORIA now between them doubtful stands.
This is the *War* that gives my Mind no rest,
My *JUDGMENT* tells me *WISDOM*'S wayes are best:
My *CONSCIENCE* checks me, that I don't obey,
And shews the *danger*, if I do delay.
My *WILL*, and my *AFFECTIONS* do oppose,
And would with *Sensual Pleasure* have me close:
Thus in sad Fears and Cares my thoughts do roul,
Whil'st that I have these workings in my Soul.
What I shall do, I know not, this I find,
That strong *CONVICTIONS* do assault my Mind.

The *DEVIL*, *YOUTH*, and the *NUNCIUS*.

Devil. *YOVTH*, What's the matter, wilt thou quit the field,
And to a Melancholy *Fancy* yield?
Wilt thou expose thy self to taunting *JEARS*,
Whil'st thus thou load'st thy breſt with needleſs fears?
Go fill thy hand, and head with thoſe affairs,
That this *WORLD* calls for, and ſo choak theſe cares:
Or take thy *Paſtime* at ſome pleaſant *Play*,
And with thoſe ſtreins of *Wit* drive *FEAR* away:
With *Scenes* and Objects go and feaſt thine *EYES*,
And feed thy *LUSTS* with great Varieties.
Or, to thy old Companions ſtraight reſort,
And ſo divert thy ſelf with *YOUTHFUL SPORT*.
Go pierce the choiceſt *Liquors*, and drink down
Full draughts thereof, till thou theſe *TROUBLES* drown:
Or joyn thy ſelf unto the Jovial Blades,
Who hunt forth *Pleaſure*, in their *Maskarades*.
Let thoſe Croſs-workings that thy *Soul* doth meet,
Be proſtrate laid at ſome fair *LADIES* feet.
Why ſhould thy Day be ſtained with a Cloud,
And all thy Comforts under Darkneſs ſhroud?

Nunc. The *YOUNG MAN* yields, this Counſel he obeys.
And in the paths of *FOLLY* now he ſtrayes,
And whil'ſt in *PLEASURE* he his *SOUL* doth drench,
All his *CONVICTIONS* he at laſt doth quench:

And ſo his Heart grows hard, his *CONSCIENCE* ſear'd,
And now he mocks at that which once he fear'd;
From frequent *ACTS*, he comes for to *Deviſe*
That againſt which, at firſt, his heart did riſe.
(He that will venture on a way of ſin,
Many a dreadful ſtep may take therein,)
His Time it is but ſhort, for you may ſee
In the next *Scene* his ſad CATASTROPHE.

YOVTH.

Youth. How do I now in Pleaſures boſom reſt,
Whil'ſt Checks and Fears are baniſht from my breſt!
Thoſe *MENACES* that on my *THOVGHTS* did throng,
I have repuls'd, the threatned man lives long;
Is not this better than to whine away,
With penſive, pewling *MOPES*, my pleaſant day?
How joyful is it now unto my ſight,
To ſee my ſelf adrift in all delight?
And as this is a day of mirth to me,
So ſhall to morrow more abundant be.

NVNCIVS.

Nun. Like to the Poſte that ſwiftly paſſeth by,
Or like the *SLAVE* that doth from bondage fly,

Or

Or like a nimble Ship, that with full ſayl
Doth run her courſe before a proſperous gale:
Or as the *Eagle* that her Prey eſpies,
Like *Lightning*, with ſwift wings unto it flyes;
So *TIME* now ſpeeds, to let the *YOVNG MAN* know
That all his way and walks are a *vain ſhow*.

TIME and *YOVTH*.

Time. With winged ſwiftneſs I do hither flye,
To let *thee* know thy *fatal end* draws nigh.
Like to the Graſs, or like the fading Flower,
So withereth all thy Glory in an hour;
Too late EXPERIENCE now muſt teach *thee* this,
Thy *life* a *SHADOW*, and a *VAPOVR* is.
I ſhall no more turn thy neglected Glaſs,
A few *ſands* only now remain to paſs;
My vvhetted *Sythe* comes next for to be us'd,
To let *thee* know, *TIME* vvill not be abus'd.

Youth. My *aged Father*, turn thy *Sythe* avvay,
Cut dovvn the ripened *Ears*, let green ones ſtay;
Go vvhere the Fields are vvhite, vvhoſe ſtalks do bend,
Under their burden, and there put an end
Unto thoſe preſſures, but vvith-hold thy hand
From the green *Blades*, let immature ones ſtand.
I am too young yet for the *Sythe* of *TIME*,
Come vvhen my *Locks* ſhall be as *white* as *thine*.

Time. Forbear, fond *YOVTH*, *TIME*'s not at thy com-
The tender bud oft feeels my cropping hand; (mand.
Haſt thou not often read *Elegiack* Verſe,
Compos'd to celebrate a *VIRGIN* Herſe?
Haſt thou not ſeen the Mother, with wet eyes,
Sprinkle the duſt wherein her *Young Son* lies;
How oft hath *DEATH* white *Trophies*, to declare,
Thoſe he leads captive forth, they *young ones* are?
I know where lies my Work, advice pray ſpare,
Where *I* ſhould reap, and where *I* ſhould forbear,
I count thy *SANDS*, and when the laſt *I* ſee
Fly to it's *heap*, thou 'rt ripe enough for me:
TIME will not ſtay, look here, thy *Glaſs* is broke,
And now comes *Death* to give the *Fatal ſtroke*.

DEATH, NUNCIUS, and *YOUTH.*

Death. YOVTH, come away, for thou muſt with me go
To the dark *REGIONS* that do lye below;
Come, this ſame hand muſt ſeize upon thy breath,
And lead thee down into the ſhades of *DEATH.*
Here is no dwelling for thee, but thou muſt
Take up thy lodging with me in the *Duſt*;
And in thick *Darkneſs* make thy diſmal bed,
Whil'ſt crawling *WORMS* under thy head are ſpread;
The pleaſant *light* no more thine *Eyes* ſhall ſee,
But with *CORRVPTION* thou muſt cover'd be.

Thoſe

Thoſe thoughts that are gone forth for to purvey
To Feaſt thy *LVSTS*, in this thy yonthful day ;
And all thoſe pleaſing *Hopes* thou didſt ſo cheriſh,
Of long continued *Bliſs*, muſt this day periſh.
Nun. Whil'ſt that the *YOVTH* the King of TERROURS views
His trembling limbs a *cold ſweat* all bedevvs,
His Pulſe beats quick, his gaſhly Face looks pale,
His ſpirits ſink, and his ſtout heart doth fail ;
As vvhen *Defendants* from out vvorks are beat,
They to their main ſtrength make a ſwift retreat,
That, by united Force, they may oppoſe
The fierce attempts of their approaching *Foes* ;
So to the Heart, his ſcattered Forces flow,
That there they may keep off the *fatal blow* ;
But when this will not do, a parley's beat,
And now his Enemy he begins to treat.
Youth. Oh *DEATH*, forbear me, but a little while,
Until my *Veſſel* I provide with *Oyl*,
I am not yet prepared with a *Light*
To comfort me in this ſame diſmal *Night*.
Let not my *Feet* on the dark *MOUNTAINS* fall
For lack of *Light* to guide my ſteps withall.
Oh, let my *naked SOVL* put on her *VEST*,
Why ſhould I fare like the *unwelcome Gueſt*,
In ſtormy weather, pull not down my Tent
Before I have a better Tenement ?
Oh let me ſtay, that I may make a *FRIEND*,
For to receive me, at my *JOVRNEYS* end.

Oh let me truly *LIVE*, before I *DYE*,
I want Proviſion for *ETERNITY*.
Devil. Vain *YOUTH*, already thou haſt had thy *Day*,
But *GRACE* was ſlighted, *TIME* was ſinn'd away.
Could nothing waken but the *MID-NIGHT* Cry
For to provide, when 'tis too late to buy?
Is it a time thy *NAKED SOUL* to dreſs,
When that the *KING* is come to *view* his *GUESS*?
Haſt thou a Habitation ſtill neglected,
Until the *hour* thou com'ſt to be ejected?
When thou art *Harbourleſs*, and Storms begin,
Haſt thou a *Friend* to ſeek to take thee in?
Ah, careleſs *SOUL*! how woful is thy *ſtate*,
That know'ſt not how to want, or *I* to wait!
Come, come away, *I* am not ſent to treat,
But for to bring thee to the *JUDGMENT SEAT*.
Youth. How ſhall *I* now appear before that *FACE*
That rends the *ROCKS*, and *MOUNTAINS* doth diſplace;
That melts the *HILLS*, and makes the *EARTH* to quake;
That flings down *STARS*, and doth the *HEAVENS* ſhake;
That makes thoſe vaſt *EXPANSIONS* for to roul,
And ſhrink themſelves together, like a ſcroul?
How ſhall *I* ſtand before that dreadful *THRONE*,
From whence bright *Lightnings* & great *Thundrings* come?
Who can abide the *Fierceneſs* of his *Ire*,
Whoſe *Indignation*'s poured out like *Fire*?
Nun. But go he muſt; *Death* pierc'd his tender ſide,
And in his Heart bloud his bright Dart he dy'd.

Out

Out flies the trembling *SOUL*, a Guard doth hale
It to that Court admitteth of no Bayle.
Her *Mittimus* is drawn, ſhe's ſent away,
To lye in Priſon till the *JUDGMENT* Day.
Let's lay our ears unto the *Doleful Pit*,
And hearken there what doth become of it.

THe *SOUL* and the *DEVIL*.

Soul. Deceitful *Devil*, Wilt thou now *torment*
That *SOUL*, thou lately flatt'redſt with *Content*?
Are all thoſe Promiſes thou mad'ſt of *Bliſs*,
And future *Glory*; are they come to this?
Devil. My Promiſes, vain *SOUL*, they were miſtook,
I us'd them but as Baits to hide my *Hook*;
My end's accompliſh'd, I the prey have caught,
And now I'le uſe thee as my *CAPTIVES* ought;
With Chains of *Darkneſs* I muſt bind thee faſt,
And in theſe *FLAMES* of *WRATH* I muſt thee caſt.
Soul. O wretched *SOUL*! how haſt thou loſt that place
Where *SAINTS* and *ANGELS* do behold the *FACE*
Of Everlaſting *GLORY*, and do ſing
Eternal *HALLELUIAHS* to their *KING*.
Upon whoſe Heads are Crowns of *GLORY* worne,
And by whoſe hands *Triumphant PALMES* are borne:

Wh

Who in the *Bosom* of dear *LOVE* do rest,
And on the pureſt *JOYES* for ever feaſt;
Whil'ſt with the *DAMNED SPIRITS* I do make
My habitation in this *FIRY LAKE*;
The Flaming *PILE* whereof is kindled by
The *Breath* of that incenſed *MAJESTY*,
Which like a ſtream of *Brimſtone*, where it runs,
All things before it into FIRE turns.
Oh diſmal place! where *Vollies* of *Outcries*,
And hideous *Howlings* like to *Thunder* flies:
The *horrid noiſe*, and dreadful *ſhrieks* that came
From the PHILISTINES, when that maſſy *Frame*,
Bereſt of both its *Pillars*, down did fall,
And into *Death* and *Ruin* cruſht them all;
The frightful *Rorings*, and the woful *Cryes*,
Which *SODOM* ſent unto the *Angry Skies*,
Whil'ſt on their wicked heads they forth did pour
(Of *Fire* and *Brimſtone*) a conſuming ſhower;
Are inſtances too ſhort for to declare
Thoſe *Wailings* that among the DAMNED are.
Oh Woful State! their TORMENTS who can tell,
That with *Devouring Fire* for ever dwell?
The *Wracking Wheel*, on which the *Bones* are broke,
By a moſt gradual and deliberate ſtroke;
The *Firy Pinchers*, which deep *Wounds* do tear,
That *ſcalding* SULPHUR may be poured there;
The *Stripes* of SCORPIONS, that long Furrows make,
With cutting SAWS that through the *MARROW* rake:

The

The Stings of *DRAGONS*, and the rending Claws
Of rav'nous *LIONS*, for their hungry Jaws;
The CAULDRONS that with Plumbean liquor boyl,
The *GRIDIR'NS* whereon *living Flesh* doth broyl;
With thousands of like TORTURES, do not bear
Proportion to the TORMENTS that are here:
And yet this is the Portion of my *Soul*,
Which now is like that dreadful, bitter *Roul*,
Fill'd full with *Lamentations*, *Mournings*, *Woes*,
And flouds of *Wrath*, which from *Dire Vengeance* flows.
Horrid *reflections* likewise do I find,
Adding great *Anguish* to my *Tortur'd Mind*,
Whil'st I consider, that for *empty Toyes*,
I have for ever lost *substantial JOYS*;
And whil'st *I* think how oft *I* have rejected
That Counsel which to *Peace* my steps directed;
How oft *I* have extinguish'd that same light
Which *CONSCIENCE* brought to guide my feet aright;
How all my precious *TIME I* vainly spent,
And now no *TIME* is left for to *Repent*:
This like a dreadful *WORM* doth ever gnaw
Upon my *VITALS* with insatiate *MAW*.
Oh now that *Death*, which late my heart-strings broke,
Would come and ease me by a deeper stroke!
Oh, how *I* would as a sweet *Cordial*, rate
That blow which should this SOUL *Annihilate*!
If such a wish but granted *I* might have,
I would account that hand that *killd*, did *save*.

Oh

Oh, this would *Mercy* prove, but none remains,
Nor the least drop to cool me in these *FLAMES*.
I now must Dying live, and Living dye,
Scorcht in these FLAMES to all *Eternity*.

The EPILOGUE.

The end is Endless, *be that will not take*
Example now, shall an Example *make.*

FINIS.